

A delectable new Ballad ;
ENTITLED
DER HAUGHS and YAROW

To its own proper Tune

When *Phebus* bright the Azure Skys
 with golden rays enlighteneth,
 These things sublunar he espies,
 Herbs, Trees and Plants, he quick'neeth
 Among all those he makes his choise
 and gladlie goes he thorow,
 With radiant beam, and silver stream,
 through *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.
 When *Aries* the day and night
 in equal length divideth,
 Old frosty *Saturn* takes the flight
 no longer he abideth :
 Then *Flora* Queen with Mantle green,
 casts off her deadly sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell
 in *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.
 Pan playing with his Oaten reed,
 with Shepherds him attending,
 Doth here resort their flocks to feed
 the Hills and Haughs commending ;
 With Bottle, Bag, and Staff with Knag,
 and all singing good marrow :
 They swear no field more pleasure yields
 than *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.
 One House there stands on *Leader* side
 far mounting my describing,
 with ease rooms rare, and windows clear
 like *Dedalus* contriving.
 Men passing by do often say,
 In South is hath no marrow,
 It stands as fair on *Leader* side,
 as *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.
 A mile below who lists to ride,
 they'll hear the Mavis singling,
 Into *St. Leonard's* Brooks she'll bide,
 sweet Birks her head o're hinging :
 The Lintwhite loud, and Pigeon proud
 with tender throats and narrow
 Into *St. Leonard's* Brooks do sing
 as sweetly as in *Yarrow*,
 The Lapwing lieth o're the Lee
 with dumble wings she sporteth,
 But vows she'll not come near the tree
 where *Philomet* resorteth.
 By break of day the Lark can say,
 He bid you all good marrow
 He'll yout and yell for I may dwell
 in *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*
Park Wanton walls and *Wodden* Cough
 Th' East and West *Maines*
 The harvest of *Lawder's* fair enough,
 the Corns are good in *Blainfries*;
 Where Oats are fine and sold by kind.
 that if you search all thorow
Meerns, *Enchan*, *Mar*, none better are
 than *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.
 In *Burn-Milm-Bog* and *Whit-foot* flows,
 the fearful Hare she haunteth ;
 Bridge haugh and *Broad wood* she'll she
 to the *Chapel-wood* frequenteth (knows
 Yet When she irks, to *Kidslie* Birks
 she runs and sighs for sorrow.

That she should leave sweet *Leader-haugh*
 and cannot win to *Yarrow*,
 What sweeter musick would you hear
 than *Honours* and *Beigles* crying ?
 The Hare waits not but flies for fear
 their hard pursuits defying
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 no building can she borrow
 At *Higgs Cleckm* nor *Soriesfield*
 but longs to be at *Yarrow*
 For *Rack wood*, *Ring-wood*, *Rival*, *Aimer*
 till thinking for to view her
 O're dumb and dyke o're fough and syke
 she's run the fields all rhogow ?
 Yet ends her days in *Leader-haugh*,
 and bids farewell to *Yarrow*
 From *Eastington* and *Colding-knaws*
 where *Homes* had once commanding,
 And *Drygrange* With thy milk white Ewes
 low at *Tweed* and *Leader* standing
 The birds that flies through *Red Path* trees
 and *Gladswood* banks all thorow
 May chant and sing sweet *Leader-haugh*
 and the bonnie banks of *Yarrow*
 But *Burn* cannot his grief assuage
 while as his days endureth
 To see the changes of this age,
 which day and time procurerth,
 For many a place stands in hard case
 where *Burns* was blyth beforrow
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* side
 and *Scott* that dwelt in *Yarrow*

The Words of *Burn the Vioier*

What shall my V of silent be,
 or leave her wonted scriding ?
 But choise some ladder Etogie,
 no sports and mirths deriding
 It must be said with lower strain
 than it was wont beforrow,
 To sound the Praise of *Leader-haugh*
 and the honey banks of *Yarrow*
 But floods have overflown the banks,
 the greenish haughs disgracing
 And Trees in Woods grow thin in ranks
 about the fields defacing
 For Waters waxes woods doth waied
 more if I could for sorrow
 In rural Verse I could rehearse
 of *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*
 But sighs and sobs o'rfets my breath :
 forefaleith Tears forth sending,
 All things sublunar here on Earth
 are subject to an ending
 So must my song though so mewhat long
 yet late at Even and Morrow
 Ple sigh and sing sweet *Leader-haugh*
 and the bonny banks of *Yarrow*.

Hic terminus horret.

E I N I S.